411

The Times abuſes:

OR,

Muld-Sacke his grievances briefly expreſt,
Sewing the cauſes doth his mind moleſt,
But yt he merry makes, and dedicates
This Song in love to all which baſeneſſe hates.

To the tune of, *Over and under.*

219.

ATtend my Maſters and give eare,
whilſt here I doe relate
The baſe iniurious ſlanders
are throwne on me in hate,
My wrongs and great abuſes
ſo commonly are knowne,
As in a Song to right my wrong,
ſhall inſtantly be ſhowne.
They call me ſudling Muld-Sacke,
when drinke I have got none,
Cannot they looke to their buſineſſe,
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

If I ſometimes a pot or ſo
doe drinke for recreation,
My reckning paid, away I goe,
and follow my vocation,
Not any good man grieving
offenſive for to be
By rooking or deceiving,
from that my thoughts are free.
They call me ſudling Muld-Sacke,
when drinke I have got none,
Cannot they thinke on the blacke Jacke,
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

As I along the ſtreets doe ſing,
the people flocke about me,
No harme to any one I meane,
yet iearingly they flout me,
The Bar-boyes and the Tapſters,
leave drawing of their Beere,
And running forth, in haſte they cry,
ſee where Muld-Sacke comes here.
Thus am I iered by them,
though harme I doe them none,
Cannot they looke to their ſmall rans,
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

The iearing cunning Curtezan,
and rooking roaring Boy,
Which day and night doe take delight
in drunkenneſſe to joy,
They with their Pimps and Panders,
Decoyes, and cheating Knaves,
Which runs to whores & drinks & roars
and ſimple men deceives.
They have no grace to guide well,
and conſcience they have none,
Cannot they take heed of Bride well,
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

The Glutton rich that feedeth
of Beefe and Mutton ſore,
And hates the poore that needeth
which goes from doore to doore,
And will not ſpend his money,
but for the love of drinke,
And grieves to give a penny,
ſo well he loves his chinke.
Too many ſuch alive is,
of whom I am ſure he's one,
Cannot he remember Dives,
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

Wood. b. 20. 329.

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The ſecond part. 4ii To the ſame tune.

TEarme-trotting Petty-coggers,
which are ſo fine and nice,
Will drinke if they meet rightly,
a cup of Ale and Spice,
Yet muſt they take their Chamber,
before they doe begin,
And if they can but hide it,
they thinke it is no ſinne.
When I in the ſtreets walke open,
to the view of every one,
Cannot they looke to their Clyents,
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

The iearing ſleering Corcombe,
with hands behind his backe
All day, which ſtands from morn til night
to cry what doe you lacke,
Withſcoffing and with taunting,
will by the ſleeve me pull;
What is't you'l buy he'l to me cry,
yet like a brainleſſe gull,
He'l caſt on me a ſcornefull looke,
though harme I doe him none,
Cannot he looke to his Shop-booke,
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

The Taylors lawcie prentices,
as I doe paſſe along,
They at my head will caſt their ſhreds,
though I doe them no wrong,
The ſaying old hath oft beene told,
it plaine doth verifie,
Poore and proud ſtill Taylor like,
for they moſt iearingly
Doe call me ſudling Muld-Sacke,
though drink I have got none,
Cannot they keepe their fingers true,
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

Alſo the iearing Tripe-wives,
which Puddings ſell and Sowce,
Cryes there goes ſudling Muld-Sacke,
doth wine and beere carowſe,
And with diſdainfull ſpeeches,
having no cauſe at all,
Will taunt and ſcoffe and iear and laugh,
and baſely me miſcall.
And calls me ſudling Muld-Sacke,
though I am no ſuch one,
Cannot ſhe ſcrape well her greaſie tripes
and let Muld-Sacke alone.

The Clownish country Carter,
will likewiſe with a ieere,
Point at me as I goe along,
his head being fill'd with beere,
Yet for his ieeres I care not,
but laughing lets him paſſe,
To follow his Cart with gee, gee ho,
moſt like a witleſſe Aſſe,
For like a home-bred Clownico,
good manners he knowes none,
Cannot he looke to his Waggon,
and let Muld-Sack alone.

The Bakers in the Suburbs,
with hearts devoid of pitty,
Bread light and ſmall they make for all,
both Country and the City,
And ſometimes of in two penny loafe,
of weight wants ounces three,
As merrily I paſſe them by,
they cannot let me be.
They call me ſudling Muld-Sacke,
when drinke I have got none,
Cannot they looke to their conſcience,
and let Muld-Sacke alone. Finis.

London, Printed for *I. Wright*, dwelling in Gilt-ſpur-ſtreet.